Gang Starr Lyrics

"Work"

(from "Caught Up" soundtrack)

Are you working?
What kind of work do you do?

Uhh...

("Boy, what is it you want to do when you grow up?)

Aiyyo I'm gonna be on ti-dop, that's all my eyes can see
Victory is mine, yeah surprisingly
I've been laying, waiting for your next mistake
I put in work, and watch my status escalate

Now I'ma start collectin props, connectin plots
networkin like a conference, cause the nonsense is yet to stop
Jakes shake me down, haters wanna take me down
Break me down, CLAP all they heard was the sound
Yo I scoped it out, I took your weak dream and choked it out
Your bitch don't really got no ass, she just poked it out
on the deelow, I'm sayin, you versus me though?
We can do this shit right here, in front of your people
See time is money kid, and BS walks
And to me, it's funny kid when you meet heads talk
I see Feds stalk, they wanna dig up the dirt
Son is it me they hawk, cause I be puttin in work Son?

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You cornballs get stonewalled, blackballed I own y'all The veteran, runnin my plan I'm the better man Crazy raw, doin my job like the mob Blazin y'all, and disappearin in the fog or a mist, and chicks can't resist what I kick They be beggin for attention or some more of the dillznick Word up baby, someone may have to get hurt up baby Shit is mad shady, but I got to get the gravy Platinum respect like the force of a tech keep you hittin the deck, feelin heat in your chest Bangin your thoughts with the hot onslaught A kid got shot on the spot for goin where he should not Viciously, I make history, instantly Those other lame ass loser ass niggaz, they can't fuck with me I'm doin my thing now, to lamp later on Paid in the shade, with some fly gators on But now I'm grimy as they get, mud on my pants and shirt

I bet you niggaz out here know, I be puttin in work

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[DJ Premier cuts and scratches] "For the qualified pros"